

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

PAUL FLANDERS,
BOX 547, CARMEL

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CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, JULY 20, 1926

TEN CENTS

MADAME SCHEYER ON "IS IT ART?"

MUCH interest is being displayed in the lecture to be given at the Denny and Watrous studio in Carmel on Thursday evening of next week by Madame E. E. Scheyer, authorized representative of "The Blue Four" group of modern artists. Madame Scheyer will talk on "Is It Art?" and will illustrate her lecture with originals and reproductions of the work of the four men.

Tickets for the lecture, at one dollar, are on sale at The Cymbal office, the Palace Drug store, Tilly Polak's, the Woodside Library, the Carmel Art Gallery and the Porcelain Shop.

As there are accommodations at the studio for only a limited number it is requested that all who desire to hear the lecture secure their tickets as soon as possible. Only 150 are available.

Those who may not be familiar with the location of the Denny and Watrous studio are directed to continue out north on San Carlos street until they come to the first turn to the left and to keep to the left until they reach the Forest Hill school. They are then to continue on to the second street beyond the school and turn again to the left for half a block.

Dr. MacDougal's Cell

The news of Dr. D. T. MacDougal's artificial cell has spread to all parts of the world, and mention of it has been made in widely varied types of publications, even including facetious comment in the pages of Life and other humorous magazines. The scientific world, however, takes this achievement with the serious aspect it rates and recognizes its importance in the progress of scientific work.

Articles about Dr. MacDougal and his artificial cell have just appeared in a number of Australian papers, including those in Brisbane, Melbourne and Adelaide, and also one in the British West Indies. The following clipping from the Courier, published in Brisbane, is typical of the recognition shown by the rest of the country:

"An important scientific discovery has been made by Dr. D. T. MacDougal, director of the Botanical Research Department of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. He has succeeded in producing a working model of a living cell (the unit of all living matter) by the use of chemicals similar to those occurring in living matter. Based upon the construction of an egg, the cell has an outer protective covering of thin cellulose. Through this a sugar solution containing chemicals absorbs sodium and potassium selectively in a manner similar to their absorption by plants.

Prominent Citizens of Carmel

Number Two

This Is
Arthur
Boke
a
Good
Sport



DEAR old Arthur Boke—adored and respected of an enthusiastic family and all their friends. Smooth brindled coat, dark friendly wrinkled muzzle, against which a row of sharp white lower teeth flash in a perpetual, engaging smile. A good sport—I remember in particular one hilarious day-long excursion with him and two other members of the Boke family, many miles up Carmel valley in a decrepit Chevrolet roadster of uncertain age—"Belinda" by name. Arthur rode cradled in the folded-back top with never a wriggle or bark the entire day. Namesake of the English artist, Arthur Vachell—brother of Horace Annesley Vachell, novelist and playwright—Arthur Boke carries his name with dignity. The most illustrious might well be flattered at having such a godchild—or should it be godpuppy?—christened in their honor. Arthur is a well-beloved figure in Carmel, and gives visitors to the Boke house a gracious welcome. To those who look back on many happy times there he seems the genial Caliban of enchanted ground.

—J. R.

This is sufficient to cause growth. But then the artificial production's limitation begins. It absorbs five times as much potassium as sodium, whereas a living cell will absorb 60 times as much. When it reaches what the scientist calls a 'point of balance', its growth stops, and the intervention of man is required to upset the balance and start the cell going again by the substitution of new solutions for the spent ones. The living cell does this automatically, impelled by some motive power that remains one of nature's deep secrets. For experimental purposes the value of Dr. MacDougal's achievement can hardly be overestimated."

Forest Theater Hamlet

FOR every production of Hamlet there must also be the production of the play within the play, the mimic stage—where the strolling players act their tiny drama of lust and murder to make the usurping king tremble and reveal his guilt.

At the Forest Theater an interesting and original device is being employed by John Parker, who puts the king and queen on a high dais directly at the back of the stage, and lets the players act before them, with their backs to the audience, who, by an effect of lights, will see them practically as silhouettes. Carmel residents and those in touch with local productions will recognize with pleasure, when the strolling players enter, that they are led by George Ball and Gladys Vander Roest as Player King and Player Queen, and include others of that clever group who fill up the Arts and Crafts casts.

THE FIREMEN'S CAMPAIGN

AS was announced in last week's issue of The Cymbal this is "Fire Department Week" during which the members of Carmel's volunteer department will endeavor to obtain sufficient funds from the merchants and property-owners, to maintain for another year the social privileges provided for the men in the fire house on Sixth avenue near San Carlos.

It is brought to the attention of the public that the men in the fire department receive no compensation whatever for the service they render in protecting property either when they answer calls or are ready to answer them. Through the means of the social provisions of the department it is possible to keep from half a dozen to twenty men at the fire station all evening up to midnight where they are in a position to respond immediately to any call which might be sent in.

Contributions to the social fund may be sent to The Cymbal or to R. F. Ohm, secretary of the department, Box 32.

MORGAN PAINTINGS ON SHOW

Paintings of the Carmel coast and valley by DeNeale Morgan will be displayed at the Arts and Crafts Clubhouse on Casanova street next Sunday afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock. Tea will be served by the ladies of the club and the public is invited.

DR. KOCHER'S DOG WINS

Dr. R. A. Kocher's Irish terrier, Manzanita Startler, walked away with the honors in his class at the Santa Cruz Kennel Club show at Santa Cruz last week. The pup also drew the second ribbon in the "open" which is considered remarkable for a pup.

AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN

Madrid
LAST Wednesday night we heard that the King and Queen and Shah of Persia were going to be at the theater here, and since the show was supposed to be good we decided to go ("we" including the two American girls who came over on the boat and with whom we connected up here, more or less accidentally).

We started out about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and went to the theater. Very sorry, but our passports must be signed by our consul, and permission from the police! Business of getting the Consul to sign. Consul sent with us to the police station a gentleman who spoke only French and Spanish. Very sorry—police station would not open until six for that. Back to the theater to reserve and pay for seats. Business of sitting around a coffee cup at a cafe till six. Return to police station with a fear that we might each be fined \$100 for not having registered there when we first arrived at Madrid. Gentleman who could give us his permission off reviewing troops! Patient, stolid wait in police station from six to seven thirty-five, the while I holding an animated conversation in French and Spanish with consul's man. Victory, Permission! Then, Adam mustn't go if he didn't have "l'habit d'etiquette"—which is in our trunks in Bordeaux. Promise to go decorously clad in a dark suit. Reluctant consent. At last! But we had an uninterrupted view of the Royal Box, which was fun. And the show was really excellent—typical Ziegfeld Follies with no expense spared on costumes and scenery.

Tomorrow we go to Toledo and then Saturday for Sevilla, which we hope to find warm and sunny. Spain is so expensive that if we don't get out of it soon we shall be broke!

The Alhambra was most satisfying—wonderful Moorish castle quite well preserved. We saw the bedroom of the Sultan and Sultana with the marble couches, mosaiced, and the fountain in the center, and their baths with the spigots for hot and cold water and perfume, and the marvelous painted ceilings. On every side gorgeous mountains with rich beautiful color and Moorish gardens and a walk through tall stately cypress trees. You would have loved it!

The Spanish people, when personally encountered, seem very polite and helpful, but en masse they are a combination of Jew and child and are unpardonably thoughtless and inconsiderate. And my God, if they wouldn't spit all over the place! Streets, trains, cafe floors—it makes no difference when they want to spit, spit they do!

The conductors on the trains are most polite. When they come into your compartment they say, "Good-day," and after punching your tickets and thanking you for the privilege they bid you "Adios".

One of the girls we have been with since Madrid told us a lovely story which you will appreciate if you don't already know. She was passing through a New England town and it appears that the good Catholics were having a fair or something. They were

raffling off a box of underclothes and things, and on it was a sign which read, "Immaculate Conception Hope Chest". Isn't that lovely? It's really worse than bull fights in Spain for the benefit of the Red Cross!

Algiers. November 5

We left Gibraltar Saturday and crossed the Mediterranean to Algiers. The first night at sea was calm, but the second! The boat went first this way and then that, and I slid back and forth in my berth with each move. To make matters more interesting the roaches were so plentiful that we had to keep the light going all night to prevent them from crawling all over our berths. But neither of us was seasick, and I was the only woman at the table Sunday night. The cap'n said only once before had the boat ever rolled so badly and I can well believe it.

And Algiers—O, how to describe it! It is far and away the most beautiful city we have seen. From our room in the hotel we have a perfect view of the white houses with their rich red roofs, the blue Mediterranean and the snow capped Atlas moun-

tains. It is all like a dream. Last night we sat out on our balcony and looked over the sea with the moon shining on it, and I felt as if life could hold no greater happiness! The city itself is most modern in its build-

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THE DEL MONTE HOTEL MURALS

By Gene Hailey

THE new Del Monte Hotel mural decorations have most fortunately been commissions for California artists. The resulting romances, illustrations and incidents have been anything but Californian in execution. They savor of the Howard Pyle pirate, the Brangwyn-esque and myths of Spanish conquest, in several areas of their wide spaces.

One decoration, however, is successfully Californian! The "masterpiece" of the Del Monte murals is the "Point Lobos Cypress" by Francis McComas. Not only is this decoration what a decoration ought to be, but it is modern and sanely modern in every phase of its conception. It is organized, not merely composed. Consistent in rhythm of the masses, formalized in shapes, decisive in line and diverse in quiet color arrangement. In addition to that "The Point Lobos Cypress" has been painted in its essence, so that never again may the hundreds of sketch artists, who struggle with canvases at that much-painted spot, ever hope to put as much poetry, strength and vitality in their ancient-sea-seasoned-cypress-inspired sketches, as has McComas.

The opposite wall in the lounge is balanced by an old map, from the same artist's palette. It is "naïf", primitive, after the manner of the early map-makers and harmonious in color with the "Cypress" over-mantel. The Monterey peninsula is a stirring subject for a map, so intricate are its directions and ragged its shore lines, while the historic spots are very amusing to depict, well out of scale yet accurately placed. Some of the buildings, shown in three dimensions, look as though they might fall off in your lap. They might have been a little flatter for comfort and a little more flattering to the "Missions" for beauty's and the tourist's sakes.

The Dan Sayre Grosbeck tall decorations are almost straight steals from some bad reproductions of Brangwyn decorations. Bits of color and lighting effect from the English artist's work, as well as typical Brangwyn "backs" of semi-nude primitive men, appear in brave affront. The composition is suitable to mural laws. The color is riotous and gorgeous. Grosbeck has all sorts of facility with the brush and anatomy. If he had taken an angle of his own on the Spanish subjects, the canvases would be more an unadulterated product. Grosbeck now lives in Santa Barbara.

The panel called "The Landing of Viscaino at Monterey in 1602" is authentic in costume detail, so they tell you. "The Building of the Mission" is its fellow-panel, done in much the same mood. Franciscan monks, Indians, Spanish soldiers and the whole pageant of Spanish occupation of early California is supposed to flavor the themes, with delicious tidbits for the imagination.

The grill, downstairs, is a low-ceilinged room of great width, hung with red drapes, furnished with Spanish derivative furniture and detail. The dance floor is dominated by a long wide decoration by Armin Hansen, the artist specialist in Monterey fishermen on

shore and sea. His etchings and paintings of their activities have wandered to many foreign places and patrons, fond of salt breezes and scenes. Hansen is well fitted to do this particular sort of decoration. He even increased his scope a bit, when he found that he had to revise the canvas and the color thereon, to blend with the whitish walls after his original scheme was created for a reddish toned surface.

The Hansen decoration is a Spanish galleon meeting a merchantman in mid-ocean. The rough surface of the ocean undulates with a rhythm that dances through the sails across the deck of the sunlit and fleeting shadows of the fore-ground boat, to the distant masses of cloud bank.

The color and composition are exhilarating, and will become more so as the room fills with dancers who glimpse these frigates of the past, through the strains of jazz music and motion. There is something very speedy about the way the galleon crashes across the middle-ground of the composition.

An intimate, aloof place to find the sixth canvas, by a Monterey peninsula artist, is in the Tower Room. Here is a splendid rendering of the night encased shores, by Ferdinand Burgdorff. With subtle gradation, be-

tween the tree strewn shore line, the ocean and the sky, he has woven a luminous color, not too fantastic and yet not ponderous. This is a normal romancing with the Carmel shore, that should pretend no more weight than that of interpretation. Nature inspires artists about here, makes them satisfied with emotional effects, superficial surfaces and stereotyped compositions. Somewhere in the tomorrows, they will teach art students to isolate the essentials and adhere only to laws of beauty within themselves. Then decoration will enlighten as an emanation, rather than as

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THE REPLY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

EDITOR, The Carmel Cymbal:

I appreciate your fairness in affording space for comment on statements contained in a report on "Religious Healing" which was prepared for the New York Academy of Medicine and published in The Cymbal in weekly installments. Your editorial foreword is timely, cautioning your readers that the report being rendered to and sponsored by a medical organization, infers an animus against healing other than through medicine. The report undertakes to describe various religious and mental systems of healing, but it should be observed at the outset that that part of it which relates to Christian Science is too inaccurate to be useful to any persons or organizations desiring reliable information. However, taken as a whole, it does convey, perhaps unintentionally, the very interesting fact that millions are seeking some mode of healing based on something higher and more abiding than matter, and that there is a growing intuition that this healing must be sought outside the realm of the material senses.

The statement, "Christian Science is primarily occupied with the problem of treatment" is incorrect and misleading. Christian Science is a religion based upon the Bible, particularly upon the teachings and practice of the great Master. Therefore, it is primarily occupied in destroying sin, fear, superstition, and ignorance, which results in dissipating disease and destroying false appetites as necessarily and as naturally as light dispels darkness.

The bland statement that Christian Science is the outcome of Mrs. Eddy's study of Quimby's methods and teachings is a hackneyed accusation (persisted in by a few opponents of Christian Science) which has been rejected and discredited by all honest investigators. Manifestly, Christian Science, which is a religion based upon the teachings of Christ Jesus, could not have been derived or evolved from Mrs. Eddy's contact (as patient) with a magnetic healer who is shown by his so-called manuscripts to have been non-religious and perhaps irreligious. For example, these manuscripts contain such statements as "I stand outside all religious belief". Quimby's treatment of disease was both physical and mental, but in so far as it was mental, it was mesmeric, while the teaching and practice of Christian Science is wholly religious, as emphasized by Mrs. Eddy in her statement "Christian Science is the law of Truth, which heals the sick on the basis of the one Mind of God. It can heal in no other way, since the human, mortal mind, so-called, is not a healer, but causes the belief in disease" (Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" p. 482). Several opponents of Christian Science examined the Quimby manuscripts at various times to secure material to be used in writing against Christian Science, but found nothing to indicate that Mrs. Eddy had borrowed from them. Among these persons was Dr. Lyman P. Powell, President of Hobart College, who wrote a pamphlet and later a book critical of

Christian Science. After careful study Dr. Powell stated, "Christian Science as it is today is really its founder's creation. Where she got this idea, or where that, little matters. As a whole the system described in 'Science and Health' is hers, and nothing that can ever happen will make it less than hers". Furthermore Quimby's son (George S. Quimby) who was the custodian of the so-called manuscripts, never claimed that Mrs. Eddy got the idea of Christian Science from his father. His only contention was that she learned from his father to treat disease mentally. As every one knows, the mental treatment of disease did not originate with Quimby nor with Mrs. Eddy. It reaches back into all times and peoples and in varying forms is as old as the race. Undoubtedly the one thing of value which Mrs. Eddy derived from her experience with Quimby was a clear and final conviction that all treatment based on the human mind,—will-power, hypnotism, suggestion, etc. is not only utterly worthless, but eventually positively harmful. In fine, it helped her to recognize the divine logic of the Master's statement, "I can of mine own self do nothing. . . the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works".

The report alleges that the Christian Scientist treats himself believing "that pessimism leads to weakness, optimism to power". The foregoing statement is the opposite to fact. The Christian Scientist is aware that pessimism and optimism are but opposite beliefs of human thought and he knows that he is assured protection and success only as he obeys the First Commandment and relies wholly upon God.

Referring to Christian Science practice, the report states that "To avoid difficulty from the legal point of view, a physician is called in if death appears imminent". Apparently the author is not aware that in most of our states the law does not require calling in a physician to administer to the sick, even when death seems imminent—certainly there is no such law in California.

Instead of "Christian Science placing great

emphasis on the effect of suggestion in general", it continually warns against all forms of will-power and suggestion, and specifically warns against their use in the statement, "Human will-power is not Science. Human will belongs to the so-called material senses, and

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A BOOK about CARMEL

yesterday and today

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CYMBALINE SEES CARMEL

WHERE have you been?" I asked as Cymbaline came in at lunch time after having been out of sight all morning.

"Christmas shopping," replied Cymbaline.

"No? Don't tell me you are one of those people who actually start buying presents in July!" I exclaimed aghast, "I have heard of such beings but I never expected to meet one in the flesh."

"You should meet Cousin Amelia then," replied Cymbaline calmly, "for it's her shopping I'm doing, not mine. Every year at this time, she writes asking me to look around in the shops for 'something different'. You can imagine the fun of wandering about the leagues of store aisles in New York with the thermometer at 90 and the humidity at whatever it is when it's stiflingly muggy!"

"Where does your Cousin Amelia live and why doesn't she buy her own presents?"

Well, she lives in Greentown, Iowa, and she likes to be able to tell the happy recipient of her gifts that they came from New York or Chicago or wherever any good-natured member of our large family—who will help her!—happens to be sojourning at the time. She never leaves Greentown but she does a lively business by mail and express all year round. Recently she's heard quite a bit of Carmel and the shops here, so she wrote and asked me to 'just look about a little' and send her some ideas for gifts. 'Just looking about' sounds simple, but I know Cousin Amelia. What that lady wants is a list of articles, an exhaustive list carefully compiled by me, with descriptions and prices. Usually I dread the July letter from Cousin Amelia, but this year I don't mind. Carmel is so cool and shopping is so easy here."

"Where did you start?"

"Well, I spent the morning at Tilly Polak's shop," replied Cymbaline, "and I had a wonderful time! I had always been rather afraid to go in because I had an idea there would only be expensive pieces of furniture—lovely to look at, of course, but nothing for a person in moderate circumstances hunting for not-too-elaborate Christmas gifts. But I found all sorts of beautiful little things which made me want to begin my own Christmas shopping right away before somebody else got the ones I specially liked."

"And what did you specially like?"

"Whole tables full of things that were, as the advertisements say, 'within the reach' of my purse—the sort of things you'd bring back from abroad, if you were fortunate enough to go. Cigarette cases from Austria and Russia—I remember particularly one from Vienna that was made of beautifully polished wood and tortoise shell, with rich designs in different colored stones. Then there were stamped leather cases with little insets of finest 'petit point'; sets of Bohemian glass ash trays in metal stands studded with bright stones; little place card holders of Bohemian glass; strings of Venetian beads, real batik from Java, notebooks covered with batik paper—all sorts of things, each one

more attractive than the last."

"It has quite a foreign atmosphere, hasn't it, Tilly's place?"

"Oh yes! Going into her shop was like stepping directly from Ocean avenue into Europe," exclaimed Cymbaline enthusiastically, "it is like a museum, full of such interesting pieces of furniture and clocks and lanterns and pewter and silver and wrought iron. The very first thing I saw was a wonderful 17th century refectory table of walnut, which came from the Palazzo Grimaldi in Venice and belonged to no less a celebrity than the famous actress Madame Rejane! That alone, it seemed to me, was worth the trip downtown—or farther!"

"I can't tell you all the wonderful pieces of furniture I saw, but I went from basement to attic. It's as good as a museum—only the beauty of this is that you can, if you happen to be fortunately possessed of the means, pick out something to fall love with and take it home with you to enjoy the rest of your life! There was a lovely Dutch desk with secret drawers in it which I think of with my mouth watering!"

"Did you see the Dutch glass? I understand it's particularly interesting."

"Oh yes, and each piece is designed and actually shaped by an artist. The work is signed and Miss Polak turned one beautiful big green glass bowl upside down—while I held my breath and backed off—which was inscribed, 'Leerdam (the place) —Unica (which means the only one of its kind)—A. D. Copier (the artist)'."

"Are you putting all these things down for Cousin Amelia's benefit?" I inquired.

"Well, to tell the truth, I forgot all about

CARMEL THE CYMBAL

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Cousin Amelia," answered Cymbaline, smiling, "and I have my mind so full of pictures of Tyrolean linen chests, Italian 'credenzas', Empire beds, Florentine sconces, Gothic lantern brackets and the silvery tinkles of a little Swiss music box that shopping seems too prosaic a word to use in connection with a visit to Tilly Polak's," concluded Cymbaline, "one wants to browse, the way one does in a library or a museum!"

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THE CONVERGENCE OF EVOLUTION AND FUNDAMENTALISM

(This that follows is the first of five chapters on "The Convergence of Evolution and Fundamentalism" by a man of science and printed in the current number of The Scientific Monthly. It is an interesting and important subject, one on which we have been forced to read and hear a great deal of piffle from brainless ones. Here is the question from a man who is a student, from one who proves his experiments before he announces them. And particularly refreshing is it to read a man of science on any subject on which he so surely knows his ground. He is always so unaffectedly gentle with the dumbbell.—Ed.)

By Professor G. T. W. Patrick
University of Iowa
Chapter One

AT the close of the first quarter of the twentieth century, it is interesting to compare the status of the theory of evolution with that of the beginning of the century. We even hear it asked whether the theory is solvent or insolvent. As for Darwinism, a separate account of its stock is to be taken, with the fear that its solvency may be less than that of general theory. A cursory survey of the situation seems to show that while the mere fact of evolution has become more evident as the years have gone by, nevertheless perplexities have continually multiplied. It has long been recognized that the cause of evolution are unknown, but it is only recently that we are beginning to realize that its method is in doubt and its significance not clear. Even the fitness of the word has lately been doubted, the strange question arising whether the changes and processes included by writers of the nineteenth century under the term "evolution" might be more aptly described by some other name.

Meanwhile biologists are not concerning themselves greatly with the theoretical problem but are entering upon a period of experimental work in genetics, which in respect to its patience and thoroughness compares with the memorable work of Darwin himself twenty five years ago. In the years to come the puzzles of evolution will no doubt be solved, but at present we are much in the dark. The note of caution is the dominant note among those who are still writing on the theoretical problem. Post-war experiences have put a damper on the buoyant Spencerian optimism of the nineteenth century, while the recrudescence of religious controversies has come as a kind of a shock to those who had taken it for granted that these ancient difficulties had long been settled. It was truly a strange sight to those of us who recall the controversies of the latter part of the century to see at this late day scientists of the very highest rank entering the arena of the press to enumerate the evidences of evolution to a skeptical and impatient public. One wondered what had happened. A brief

review will show what did happen.

When first the theory of evolution burst upon the world in the nineteenth century it was the simple story of the continuity of plant and animal life. It was the story of the genetic relationship of plant and animal species, showing that all such species might have originated by descent from very simple forms of life. This innocent doctrine, long anticipated before Darwin's day, suddenly assumed a tremendous importance and aroused an absorbing interest when Darwin marshaled his arguments to show that man—body, mind and morals—is to be included in this history. Then followed a violent controversy, since the new theory touched human traditions in a delicate spot, namely in that of religious faith. At the close of the century, however, the Darwinian view, so far at least as it relates to animal species and the human body, prevailed. It was almost universally accepted by men of science. It had penetrated the literature of all cultured nations. It had settled down nearly to the lowest strata of popular thought. It had even reconciled itself with religious faith. The "ascent of man" from the lower forms of life was seen to add to his worth and dignity rather than to detract therefrom. It was believed that the religious attitude was greatly strengthened by the enlarged vision opened by evolution. Indeed a poet laureate sang:

This is my loftiest greatness
To have been born so low.
Greater than Thou the ungrowing
Am I that forever grow.
Straightway the notion of evolution

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DEL MONTE MURALS

(Continued from Page Three)

a conscious product. Abstractions and significant form will not be considered grotesque but will be uncompromised in their reign of vital loveliness. Square apples will be as well relished as "snow scenes on the dust pan" once were. Carmel and Monterey's "beauty spots" will not be painted like "laundry calendar and picture postcard scenes" but more in the "powerful perception" of the McComas "Cypress".

It is a good thing to consider how much more the architects, artists and owners of public buildings may yet learn co-operation! It is not complete patronage to give an artist a commission to fill a set space and then let haste, ignorance of true decoration and isolation impair the resulting designs. Sometime, when all artists are on safe paying basis and art is less a luxury, complete accord will arise and conquer inappropriate mural decorations.

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COURT OF THE
GOLDEN BOUGH

CARMEL

The Mendicant



A Linoleum Cut by Robert W. Hestwood

AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN

(Continued from Page Two)

ings and quite a bit like Paris, Adam says. But on the streets one sees Arab women with their huge white bloomers, with hands and feet henna-ed, and their faces veiled up to the eyes, Arab men with flowing robes and turbans, Turks, Spanish and French. And the blackest of negro soldiers in khaki with red caps and swagger red belts.

Adam knows a Colonel in the French Aviation here and he took us for lunch yesterday to a little French hotel way up on the able Scouldn't eat very much owing to the fact that the abominable Spanish cooking had rather done us dirt, and we're just recovering. I wish you could have seen the proprietor. He was simply disgusted because we couldn't do justice to his coking, which is supposed to be the best in Algiers. He seemed

consider it an insult to his hospitality. It was all so like the things one read about!

Algiers is a very popular winter resort, and small wonder, for the climate is ideal, sunny and bright and just cool enough for a suit. About Tuesday we plan to go to Biskra on the edge of the desert and the famous garden of Allah.

I am afraid we are not very good sight-seers in the Baedeker sense of the word. We always forget to see the government buildings and the place where so and so had such and such done to him. Instead we wander around arm in arm poking into all sorts of places and having a gorgeous time. And we do miles and miles of window shopping.

I am speaking French now all the time and suppose that by the time I get back, I shall break off in the middle of a sentence and say in perplexity, "How do you say it in English?"

Adventures in Eating Out

No. 7

I just happened to be the most brilliantly sunny day after a discouragingly prolonged blanket of foggy weather that we chose to have lunch at the Carmel Art Gallery Tea Garden. And when we passed through the high hedge that separates the garden from San Carlos street and found little tables set out under trees and bushes, we immediately made a bee-line for one in the center where we could bask in the sunshine while we ate. There were flowers all around us, and the fragrance of roses and sweet peas mingled with the summery scent of warm pine needles and honeysuckle.

We didn't have to feast long on this ethereal diet of the garden colors and odors before something more substantial was spread before us. A substantial lunch daintily served, and home cooking, if there ever was any! Hot biscuits on a covered dish, baked potatoes and delicious coffee were a part of the meal. Cherry whip and strawberries, in little round bowls with generous garnishings of whipped cream—royal desserts, they seemed to us, to eat sitting in that sunny, secluded garden! From where we sat we looked up at a tasseled pine tree, vividly green against an—we were going to say "Italian blue" sky, but can anything be a more wonderful color than "Carmel blue" on a clear day?

We envied the fortunate people of leisure who can linger there and those who can stroll in for a cup of tea in the afternoon. We wanted to spend more time looking at the paintings in the art gallery.

We left reluctantly, eager to come again, and carrying with us memories not only of the sunny garden but a picture of a cheerful indoor tea room and its big vine-covered window where it would be delightful to lunch or have tea even on the foggiest day.

—D. C.

CARMEL GARAGE

TELEPHONE 11



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EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE

By Dora C. Hagemeyer

BERTRAND Russell in his new book on education has approached a singularly difficult subject in a sane and practical way. He is the father of two young children and has apparently watched with great interest the various stages of their development.

He believes that the first year of a child's life is of the utmost importance. "Treat even the youngest baby with respect," he says, "as a person who will have to take his place in the world. Do not sacrifice his future to your present convenience, or to your pleasure in making much of him: the one is as harmful as the other. Here, as elsewhere a combination of love and knowledge is necessary."

The four characteristics which Bertrand Russell finds necessary for the formation of an ideal character are vitality, courage, sensitiveness and intelligence. Unless education aims to develop these qualities in the individual it is useless.

The chapter on fear should be of much help to any one dealing with young children. Many strange and ineradicable phobias from which adults suffer may often be traced back to simple incidents of childhood which have not been dealt with sensibly as they occurred but have been allowed to sink into the unconscious and become permanent.

"Whatever terrifies or interests the child should be explained if it be at all possible; this transforms fear into scientific interest by a process which is entirely along the lines of instinct and repeats the history of the race."

Psycho-analysis has been of great assistance to Mr. Russell in formulating his ideas but it is refreshing to see that it has not swayed him completely. He sees its limitations and refutes its assertions with his usual vigor whenever he finds them absurd.

"Some psycho-analysts have tried to see a sexual symbolism in children's play. This, I am convinced, is utter moonshine. The main instinctive urge of childhood is not sex, but the desire to become adult, or, perhaps more correctly, the will to power." This is probably a more penetrating explanation of play and fancy, of teasing, bullying and fighting than the commonly accepted Freudian one.

The chapters in this book deal with the many problems which daily confront teachers and parents. They are stated and outlined in the abstract and then dealt with concretely and illustrated continually with references to the author's own children. Constructiveness, selfishness, truthfulness, affection, sympathy are all dealt with in this very satisfactory way. One is usually somewhat irritated by the educator who states only theories. Any one who has young children to deal with knows that theories make excellent reading but have often little practical value. One has to deal with problems as they present themselves and no mere man sitting in a quiet study can possibly imagine the tense situations which daily occur among children. If he could, it would still be impossible to say just what method would peacefully untangle a scene involving many problems. In this connection, perhaps the handsomest compliment we can pay to

Mr. Russell is to say that he can be read without irritation.

When he talks of morality he is at his best, not because he discusses ethics but because he abolishes the double standard for children and adults. "Some people who themselves hold liberal views are willing that their children shall first acquire conventional morals and become emancipated only later, if at all." A perfect honesty between parent and child is the basis of all his teaching—an honesty so clear and simple that it is at first surprising. Only with such a relationship, however, can love and trust exist. Love cannot be forced but must grow naturally in an atmosphere of sincerity and truthfulness. It is absurd to live in the freedom of a new order and expect our children to conform to the conventions of an age that is past.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

(Continued from Page Four)

its use is to be condemned. Willing the sick to recover is not the metaphysical practice of Christian Science, but is sheer animal magnetism" (Science and Health, p. 144).

To state that the Scientist "has an almost superstitious abhorrence of and negative thought", because he "banishes at once every idea of disease, misfortune, unhappiness or 'error' of any sort", is on a par with stating that the mathematician has a superstitious dread of mathematical errors because he corrects these errors by the application of the principle of mathematics.

The report states that the followers of Mrs. Eddy spend time in a daily study of her "word" and that "A daily lesson based on the study of 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures' is provided for this purpose". This statement probably refers to the Bible Lessons or Lesson-Sermons found in the Christian Science Quarterly which are studied by Christian Scientists throughout the week and read in Christian Science churches each Sunday. (The report seems to purposely infer that the "daily lesson" is comprised entirely of Mrs. Eddy's writings by omitting any mention of the Bible, when, in fact, these Bible lessons consist of passages from the Bible with correlative passages from the denominational textbook "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy.)

The report throughout confuses Christian Science with various systems such as Jewish Science, New Thought, and Unity. This confusion apparently is due to the author's incorrect understanding of Christian Science. While it would be impracticable and may be unnecessary to attempt here to differentiate between Christian Science and the various other religious and healing systems that have been described in the report, it should be stated that Christian Science is based upon a fundamentally different concept of God, man, and the universe, from these systems.

EDGAR McLEOD

Christian Science Committee on Publication
for Northern California
July 14, 1926.

Mrs. Ralph Todd and her mother Mrs. George Boke, are motoring to San Jose this week. Master John Burns Todd will accompany them.

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TELEPHONE 128

EUROPEAN MODERN ART IN AMERICA'S TOMORROWS

By Gene Hailey

WHAT about all this modern art stuff?" "It won't last. It's nothing in my life, etc.," says the real American. His wife adds, "It sure is the bunk!" But what about their children's opportunity for all sorts of use and development of this so-called "new art"?

Suddenly we find the effect of modern art in color, line and mass all about us. Drastically new dress fabrics, even in men's neckties; wild and bright household decoration; concrete houses and skyscrapers beautiful in form. The reasons for these things will be revealed several decades hence. A new art is usually understood about a century late, when its impulses are grown feeble and distorted by "historical perspective". The time for a "standardized" understanding of European art is about due. The importance of these "crazy artists" needs to be freshly estimated, not by hysterical perspective but with a post-war newness of cultural values.

Americans, who subscribe to the same magazines, wear the same fashions, live in like rooms from coast to coast; this nation of many races who eat the same diet and think standardized phrases; has not yet realized the influence of this "insane art" on the simplest things in American daily life. This modern movement has so saturated our arts, activities and aesthetics that there is no going

back to the art types of the past century, or the past ten years. Still the why's and who's of this new atmosphere are as vague to most Americans as the necessity to pay rent is unknown to the infant.

Not only is there a great unawareness of the permanent values of these art phases, but there is little imagination displayed that it will ever come to any good. There are those who prophesy that time will give the new art reverence and also students will carry it further in new applications. We should learn to love it as a step forward, out of the dark into scientific and beautiful revelations of the "modern art" of our tomorrows. The French Cubists now aptly call their exhibitions "L'art d'aujourd'hui". The Art of Today.

Volumes have been written on "What is Art?", "Art Appreciation" and Primers of Art in many manners. Only five per cent, those called the intelligentsia by H. Mencken and Co., have found it fashionable to read these tomes. Many art fanciers have skipped through by looking at the pictures and learning the foreign names correctly. The sincere researcher can wear out a dictionary of psychological terms trying to read only the opening chapters. Some day Some One will write a booklet called "And so this is art?" in the same succulent manner of "So this is Paris."

HENRY COWELL TRIUMPHANT

By Dene Denny

HENRY Cowell, the celebrated composer-pianist, has recently returned from his European concert tour, where he played in Berlin, Warsaw, Prague, Brunn, Bratislava, Budapest, Vienna, Venice, Paris and London. Everywhere Cowell played programs made up entirely of his own compositions, works which place him with the modernist group. This group—made up of such as Varese, Bela Bartok, Ornstein, Honegger, Cowell and all those other ones who believe in honest creative effort—which

with listening ears strides its way through the matted underbrush of the past's prejudice and opinion, to move untrammelled through the medium of sound toward a more impersonal direct interpretation of To-day. That European audiences were moved by the vital bigness of Cowell's music is shown by the foreign notices which tell us that his houses were literally screaming with enthusiasm. "How" he achieved his effects did not distract or concern them. The work was sufficient—it justified itself, so that those who formerly came there to see were now there to hear.

POWER O'MALLEY'S ETCHINGS

GOING to see the Power O'Malley etchings with Edith Maguire is like taking a walk with a delightful companion through an Irish country-side. For she is carried back by them to her own land, and she takes one with her. An artist herself, she knows how to give full value to the work of another artist, besides enjoying the portrayal of her country by a fellow-countryman. She was amusedly delighted over one etching of a village street of which the atmosphere was so essentially Irish that, as she said, "I can see the pigs running in and out!" of the little thatched cabins. In another of a fishing village seen from the water she admired the sweep and rhythm of the line of the hills and

road winding down to the sea, and to another, the head of a young girl draped in a shawl, she paid the tribute of comparing it to a Holbein.

Power O'Malley has taken the Baldwin prize for etching, and the Oonach Tailteann prize for painting in Dublin in 1924—a revival of the old Queen Tailteann Games held last in 625 B. C., when a prize was given to the man who excelled either in athletics or in some form of art. The judges in the 1924 revival were Sir William Orpen, Sir John Lavery, and other internationally known artists.

The O'Malley exhibit is here in the art gallery of Oliver's curio shop in Monterey,

across the street from the old Custom House, and will be there until the end of the month. It is well worth seeing—we enjoyed ourselves immensely—and as a proper finish to our old-country afternoon went back to Miss Maguire's studio for tea and jam and muffins, and to talk it all over again.

—J. R.

PERSONAL MENTION

MISS Gladys Wickson is returning to Berkeley for a day or two on business connected with the late Professor Wickson's book.

Several Carmel people motored up the valley for a picnic on Sunday. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Frost, Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson, Mrs. Ralph Todd, Miss Ernestine Renzel, Miss Jean Stewart, Talbert and Winsor Josselyn, Franklyn Murphy, Hugh Garner and O. J. Cope.

Joseph Fredericks, dancer and designer, and Russell Ryan were in Monterey for the week-end. They had the Maguire house.

The Holy Rollers were reported to be holding a ceremony on Carmel beach Saturday night. A group of Carmelites went down to look for them but with no success. The group met first at Kays for Welsh rarebit and included Mr. and Mrs. John Orcutt, Mr. and Mrs. Hobart P. Glassell, Mrs. Walter Coburn, Mrs. Phil Wilson, Winsor and Talbert Josselyn, Bill Williams and Ernest Schweninger.

Bill Williams of the International Mercantile Services Association is going to Reno and will be away for a week.

Ralph Pearson, etcher, formerly of Carmel, is among those who received prizes at the second annual bookplate exhibition of the Los Angeles museum. The first prize went to Edwin H. Blashfield for his design for the library of Stanford University.

Edwin Colberg, concert pianist of San Francisco, visited Miss Dene Denny and Miss Hazel Watrous the past week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Flemming of San Francisco were Carmel visitors last week. Mrs. Flemming, as Amy Dewing Flemming, is a painter of note.

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HAMLET IN MODERN COSTUME

(This is an article by Maurice Uyldert, dramatic critic in Amsterdam for "Het Handelsblad", and written after the premiere of Hamlet in Modern Costume by the Dutch League of Art. Miss Willy Polak translated it for The Cymbal.)

AFTER the experiment of the "Dutch League of Art", after the curiosity about the production is satisfied, after we have seen Hamlet in a short black jacket, Ophelia in a smart modern gown, it is time to sit down and consider the results.

Every one is acquainted with the character of Hamlet, prince of Denmark. We all know what mental problems he had to fight with and we also know that the problems of the modern youth are brought to us in another less complicated way than happens in this drama.

Then, just as now, love was love and hate was hate. The elemental feelings are of all times, but in modern times one tears his soul to pieces in a different way than before and self-analysis, so typical of the philosophical youth of today, of the flapper with her short dresses and bobbed hair, has another character now. Besides, our modern Ophelia thinks a little bit differently about her lover.

We do not mean to say that the Hamlet problem is old-fashioned. On the contrary. There are many Hamlets in our modern world, many who still live in dreams, who never can do a thing immediately and to whom "to be or not to be" is not a strange sound.

But aside from these psychological doubts and fears, their conflicts are absolutely different from Shakespeare's Hamlet. They live in another mental world. The life of the modern person is not only of another form but also of another depth. Everything is different now.

We can imagine a modern author tackling again Hamlet's problem for the stage, making it a modern tragedy. He would show us a Hamlet and an Ophelia at a modern court in one of the royal Western states in Europe. We can imagine that he might give us a modern Hamlet, a Laertes, a cheating queen who marries the murderer of her once-beloved husband. But the author has to show us then modern characters, people whose problems, as in Shakespeare's Hamlet, will be woven into the conflicts of our time. In such a way a Hamlet production in modern costume would be acceptable, but that is not a performance of Shakespeare's Hamlet. He who will bring the old psychology to the foreground in a modern way, as in this production, is forced either to get away from the original Shakespearean action or to hold on to it, but then he has to conflict with our modern psychology. A fight between form and content is the result.

Social habits are much changed since Shakespeare wrote his Hamlet. All kinds of actions, normal in Shakespeare's time, are strange to us, rough and without sense. The general and human and tragic idea of the play may have kept its value, also for the

present, but still many thoughts are out of date.

With an interpretation in modern costume which in the imagination of the public there-with is placed in modern times, the play must seem more out of date and more old-fashioned than when played in historic costumes.

Seeing ghosts, the conversation with the ghost, means that the university-trained nobleman of this time believes in them and all these things give in a modern dress Hamlet production more the idea of insanity and perversity than in the old Hamlet. The modern author of a Hamlet should bring a spiritistic seance onto the stage when he wanted the spirit of Hamlet's father to speak. He could place Bernardo, Horatio and Hamlet with hands close together round a little table to call the spirit of the murdered king. Or he could find the secret of the murder by way of psycho-analysis-dream explanation. Such an action would be in harmony with a modern production. But a young man, a man of our time, meeting seriously a ghost on a moonlit terrace—that is too much for us!

The producer has explained to us that the old costumes take away the attention from the general human elements in the tragedy and that the modern costumes accentuate the value of the play for our time—that is the real and permanent value. This would be the case if the problems were interpreted mainly through acting—I mean, if Hamlet were a show, or a reading, instead of a play. The action, however, which carries the problems of Hamlet, and to which every performance ought to be tied, is not of our time. We also know that two people doing the same thing do not always get the same result. What is a common thing for a person of mediæval times may be something insane to the modern mind.

It is not sufficient to give a production in modern costume, but one has in the first place to modernize the action, if one wants to demonstrate that the conflicts in the soul of Hamlet are the same as the ones in our modern life. This means one also has to change Shakespeare's words, after which not much is left of Shakespeare's work. A modern king, wearing spats and a suit of clothes from one of our best tailors, can, in our imagination, never be the tyrant Claudius. Besides that, between the gentleman-king and the people stands the modern parliament, while in Shakespeare's play we feel every moment that there is nothing between king and people—except his bad conscience. If we admired Ophelia's lovely, but short, dresses, her silken stockings and her very thin clothes during the performance, what then is left of the touching story:

"Her clothes spread wide

"And mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up?"

We come now to our conclusion. Without style—that is the impression we took away with us. A very inartistic action; typical of the after-war time. It is possible that some parts will be more realistic, more understandable, for the public if you suggest to them that the people on the stage are of the same world as they are, but that is then

only for the people without imagination. Others do not need this suggestion.

The modern costumes are to the people who have imagination in painful contrast to the style of Shakespeare's work; a style which is Elizabethan in form, in language, in the whole atmosphere in which the drama develops. And he who neglects this style does the same as the newly-rich who hangs a Flemish primitive in a Renaissance frame in the futuristic boudoir of his wife.

I have heard the argument that this disturbing staging was used in earlier times. During the reign of Louis XIV. the old historic plays were given in the costumes of the current period, seemingly to the great satisfaction of the public. But we have learned something since that time. We know something more and have become a little more critical. The modern producer understands that the mental contents of the play need a form in harmony with it. Artist and public have been raised in that purer style-feeling. Why throw overboard then that little bit we have learned in this already style-less period in which we are living?

Shall one neglect the historical atmosphere of Hamlet to prove that the play has kept its value for all times? At least for our time? One certainly cannot prove it in this way. A play has kept its value for our time if it can thrill and move the audience, independently of setting, costume or interpretation.

We also could not see that certain parts of the Hamlet were more pronounced when played in modern costume, for the simple reason that we have not seen Shakespeare's Hamlet. What we saw was a play whose action was parallel to that of Shakespeare's, but psychologically was cut to pieces.

We conclude: They have, with the modern production, however perfect in itself, broken the base of Shakespeare's work, changed the characters of the people, twisted and abused the spirit of the drama. As a curiosity the production can pass, but if the company wants to experiment let it do so in another direction.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION

The U. S. Civil Service Commission has announced a Post office clerk examination for the Post office service at Carmel. For information in regard to the requirements and the character of the examination, and for application blanks, apply promptly to the Local Secretary, U. S. Civil Service Board, Post Office, City.

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SUN WORSHIPPERS



A Painting by Roberta Balfour

ADELINE ROTTI, DANCER

By Joan Ramsay

SUCH a delightful talk with Adeline Rotti this morning. She is here in charge of the dancing at the Golden Bough School of the Theatre, and is planning a recital for the end of next month. She is radiant and fascinating and full of joie de vivre—and I've never before seen any one with real honey-colored hair, though it's something I like to imagine. But her Viennese-Italian ancestry accounts for some of her charm—of all intriguing combinations! She told me how as a little girl music surrounded her and was part of her life—how her mother, to coax her into going to bed (which she hated, like all children) would sit down at the piano and play—sometimes a Nocturne of Chopin, or something else that Adeline loved—and Adeline would hurry off to bed so as to be able to fall asleep to the sound of the music. By the time she was ten years old she was familiar with all the symphonies from hearing her mother sing the themes.

When she was still a very young girl (she is not much more than that now) she started her first dancing school in St. Louis, which is her home, to pay for her own dancing lessons. She began in an attic with a few little girls, asking ten cents a lesson. At the same time she was studying herself with Kobeloff and others of the Russian school whenever they came to St. Louis, and all that she learned she passed on to her own pupils. She met and talked with Pavlowa, who told her, "The dance, she is a devil—she lift you up high, and then she throw you down—hard!—but

if you have her in you you will always go back to her."

Adeline Rotti was the youngest member of the Artists' Guild—a group of artists in St. Louis which grew out of a smaller group called "The Potter's Wheel", to which belonged Sara Teasdale, Zoe Aikins, and others since become widely known. She has spent much of her time in New York, coming back every year to her teaching and to give recitals. She is frank in saying that she is not sure herself of what she wants to do—that she is reaching in the dark for something that she feels is above and beyond and yet contained in the dance as we know it today. She is trying to make the different parts of the dance—music, color, light, costume and the dancers themselves—one perfect complete thing. She says she uses her dancers as a painter uses his colors—each one is of equal value to her, but sometimes she will use one more than another—just as in painting

one color will prevail over another.

She is young and enthusiastic, and one feels all kinds of new and lovely things unfolding around one as she talks. She drags out an armful of books with the delicate, fantastic illustrations of Kay Nielsen and Willebeek le Maire, and describes the dances that she plans to create from them, and one forgets everything but the longing to follow her down the new paths that she is so lightly heartedly exploring.

EUREKA DAIRY

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THEATER NOTES

The big promise of the week is Gerda Wismer Hofmann's production of "The Snow Queen", dramatized by her from Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tale, at the Theatre of the Golden Bough Friday and Saturday nights and on Saturday afternoon. Although primarily for children, and with a cast made up largely of children, the production should make an appeal to the grown-ups through the sheer beauty and art of it.

Gerda Wismer Hofmann was the first director of New York's children's playhouse which was opened with the same production the talented director will present to Carmel this week-end. When it was produced in San Francisco recently it was acclaimed as a play for "all children from seven to seventy".

The dances, solos and ensemble will be directed by Adeline Rotti who is spending her summer in Carmel and devoting her time to the teaching of dancing.

Among the grown-ups in the cast are Roberta Arment Leitch, Jadwiga Noskowiak, Martha Jane Bissell, Mrs. James Swinnerton, Marian Todd, Charles Warfield, Iven Fonera, Edward Kuster, Louise Walcott and William Sheppard. There will also be scores of Carmel and Monterey children on the stage.

On Sunday and Monday nights the Theatre of the Golden Bough will present the moving picture, "The Prince of Pilsen".

An interesting newsreel, a most acceptable comedy, beauty in the form and dance of Ruth Kuster and exquisite charm in the motion picture, "Moana" made a gala week-end just closed for the Golden Bough. Ruth Kuster has learned her Polynesian in several extended visits to the Hawaiian Islands and she proved in her hula dance Friday and Saturday nights and Sunday afternoon that she has learned it well. The stage setting, atmosphere and music for her dance formed a perfect combination and her grace and personal charm were inspiring. As for the picture, "Moana", it is sufficient to note the unbelievable delight experienced in being able to look at beauty of man and nature and the breath-taking freedom of both without having to apprehend that in the next thirty feet of film insidious social poison would be employed to drag you back by the ears to the horrid realization of modern civilization.

The return productions of "Clarence", Booth Tarkington's comedy, at the Arts and Crafts theater Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, were a great success. The entire cast, from Hilda Argo to Robert Stanton, as the program read, carried the play with perfect balance on its various shoulders, and "Clarence" easily secured its place as the outstanding achievement of the George Ball players for the season.

Perfectly cut for his part in personality and bearing, Henry Sanford raised his standard considerably in the return productions of the play and as the harassed father and dignified official portrayed a Booth Tarkington

character to the Booth Tarkington measure.

Bobby Wheeler, the smart kid with the fancied weight of years and experience on his shoulders, was a typical Tarkington boy in the hands of Stuart Walcott and won your sympathy despite his contempt for it.

The play didn't give Hilda Argo much of a chance, but the few minutes that were allotted her at the beginning she used effectively to prove her ability.

George Ball, of course, played the lead with his certain ease and the rest of the cast was hot on his heels.

"Clarence" was a smooth, perfect production.

* * *

"Lady Windermere's Fan" is the offering of the Manzanita theater for Thursday and Friday of this week. It has been acclaimed as one of the great moving pictures of the year.

A CANDIDATE

(It is rumored that there is to be a mass meeting of the local theatrical producers with a view to appointing someone to act as audience.—The Fool.)

Myself for role of audience
I cautiously advance;
I genuflect with great respect,
You can't improve my stance.

Alone six seats I fill with ease;
Expansive where there's need;
All actrees with stillness please—
I sink to sleep with speed.

Silence is good when "joiners" meet,
Or drama is not gay—
I, drowsing sleep, don't shift my feet
Or criticize the play.

I often "clap my hands" in dreams,
And smile aloud, they say,
This surely means my system teems
With things you need today.

—H. B.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ANNOUNCES NEW BOOK

When Christopher Morley finishes a new book he is as delighted as a small boy displaying a fine string of fish and he generally tells his publishers the news in some original manner. Just before he sailed for England, he wrote this note to Doubleday, Page and Co.:

MEMORANDUM

(A prompt reply means efficiency in your department.)

Dear Sirs and Madam:

This is to inform you in a high state of cheer, since I have got on famously to-day with the MS. that I've been working at, off and on for the past six weeks, that there will next week be finished a remarkable tale of a high-spirited sort, title so far unknown. It is pure farce; and it is only fair to say that I have roared over it.

Tad Stinson and Phil Wilson motored down the coast to the Garapatos canyon on Monday, returning the same day.

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THE TAOS ART COLONY

By Ernest L. Blumenschein
(In El Palacio)

IN THE YEARS before we came several artists had seen the Taos Indian village. Some stayed a few days or weeks to sketch, then wandered on. Henry Sharp was one of these. He told me of his visits to different tribes when I met him in Paris in '96, saying that, as I was interested in Indians, I should be sure to visit the Taos pueblo. Shortly after this conversation I returned to America, and, with great enthusiasm for the discovery of fresh material, I induced Bert Phillips to accompany me on a painting trip to the Rockies.

Notice, please, the desire for "fresh material." We were ennuied with the hackneyed subject matter of thousands of painters; windmills in a Dutch landscape; Brittany peasants with sabots, French roads lined with Normandy poplars; lady in negligee reclining on a sumptuous divan; lady gazing in mirror; lady powdering her nose; etc., etc. We felt the need of a stimulating subject. This and the nature of youth brought us to the west.

Although we were the greenest of tenderfeet we pitched into western life: bought horses, a wagoncamp outfit, and left Denver for unknown adventures. Taos was only a name to us, a place we should visit in our travels. We painted and camped in Colorado for three months, had our first experience with horses, cloudbursts, cooking, sleeping in the open, and the many delights of outdoor life in the Rockies. After the summer months had passed, we started south with the intention of going into Mexico. After crossing high mountain passes, during which we lost a horse, broke our light wagon in many places, ran short of money, and depended chiefly on wild doves for the "piece de resistance", we came to the high plateau country of New Mexico. Never shall I forget the first powerful impressions; my own impressions direct from a new land through my own eyes. Not another man's picture this, not another's adventure. The great naked anatomy of a majestic landscape once tortured, now calm; the fitness of adobe houses to their tawny surroundings; the vastness and overwhelming beauty of skies; terrible drama of storms; peace of night—all in beauty of color, vigorous form, everchanging light.

After a hundred miles in New Mexico we reached the sordid mud vilage of Taos, curious to see the pyramidal pueblo. We drove right out to the foot of the Taos peak prepared to camp at the pueblo itself, but the Indians refused us permission to locate in their midst and also wanted considerable money for the privilege of sketching. So back we went to the Mexican village, three miles away.

No artists were here then. No artists were in Santa Fe. It was 1898. And in that year in September, we two rovers who had met in Paris at the Academie Julien, decided that we had found what we had traveled long to reach. We abandoned the idea of going to Mexico, sold the horses and wagons, moved into an adobe house—and then and there began the Taos Art Colony,

now famous all over the world.

It doesn't matter if five or six artists had visited Taos before our arrival. They had nothing to do with this colony. Only one ever returned and that was Sharp, some years after we had begun to make the place known by our work. Phillips is the foundation on which the Taos group built. He has lived in Taos ever since that day we dropped in from the north, while I returned many summers to paint the mountains and deserts and Indians and Mexicans, before I could induce my wife to risk her life and complexion on the frontier.

Many artists came and as our paintings began to attract notice, Taos became the subject for many articles in the press. Our painters were receiving prize after prize in the big exhibitions in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington and Pittsburgh. The Taos Society of Artists was formed and later the New Mexico Painters. Each year these organizations send out circuit exhibitions which tour the principal cities, carrying the impressions of our artists' lives to many people. Last year the New Mexico Painters had two circuits, on the west coast, the other throughout the east, while the Taos society had a circuit show through the Mississippi valley. Walter Ufer had a one man show in New York; Victor Higgins one in Chicago and California and Hawaii. Half a dozen of the Taos paintings were shown by invitation at Venice, Italy, two years ago; half a dozen more are now touring South America.

Needle is to say, our colony is famous in the art world. Our recognition is complete and thoroughly established on a sound basis. Yet we have not reached our top form, by any means. With our European education, our own natural talents, and the great benefit our overcultivation receives from the healthy vigor of the Indian's art—his pottery, blankets, jewelry, music, superb dances—there is no doubt that this art group and the equally famous one of Santa Fe, will be serious and honorable factors in the development of New Mexico.

Mrs. Austin in Santa Fe

SANTA FE, of recent years one of New York's most popular summer resorts, is again in the midst of internecine warfare, our correspondent reports. The question is whether Santa Fe shall be the seat of a permanent Chautauqua which would bring hundreds of determined women to the old capital in search of information and Culture. On the side of the Chautauqua are ranged the clubwomen of the state (allied with the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club of the ancient city of the Holy Faith) and against them, of course, all the writers and artists who live in Santa Fe or ever stopped between Limiteds.

Even Mr. Galsworthy, who was in Santa Fe long enough to have tea with Mrs. Randall Davey, whose husband recently painted a portrait of the distinguished English novelist, was enrolled in the crusade. And Sinclair

Lewis (who, it is reported, went driving in a Ford with a girl named Mary during an Indian dance arranged in his honor while he was in New Mexico, thereby infuriating his hostesses) has written an open letter in which he has won over to the artists' side a whole left wing of Rotarians.

Mary Austin has been the most indefatigable Amazon of the lot; in spite of ill health she appeared before the Rotary Club in person, when they were clustered around long tables after luncheon, munching variously cigars, cigarettes and toothpicks.

Mrs. Austin rose and demanded that a chair be brought to her, since she was too ill to stand through a long harangue; and worried committeemen were dispatched on this vital errand.

It was decided at first to arrange a chair on one of the tables in order that every one might hear her, until it was discovered that the tables were composed of planks laid on saw-horses. Finally a tall throne was brought from a neighboring barber shop.

With dignity and decision Mrs. Austin mounted this, planted her feet firmly on the iron lasts of the bootblack chair (for such it was) and there and then told the business men of Santa Fe what was what. She had the last word, and won the fight—and then she went back onto the hilltop where she has just completed her Spanish house, and went to bed again to rest up for her trip to the East and her annual sessions with publishers in the fall!

—from The New Yorker

ACTOR VISITS FRANK SHERIDAN

Bert Van Cleve, one of the principal actors of the Fulton Players of Oakland, visited Frank Sheridan last week. Bert and Frank collaborated in disturbing the peace of mind of the holier-than-thous in "What Price Glory?"

James M. Botts, President of the American Marine Paint Company, has bought the F. G. Adamson property in Pebble Beach and is going to build. He has also bought several lots in the new Peninsula Country Club.

It is roughly estimated that 100 western Congressmen are now saying to their rural constituents: "Wait; I can explain it all." It looks like a busy summer in the League of Explanations.

—from The New Yorker

CARMEL Tea Garden

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FROM 12 TO 2. AFTERNOON TEA.
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PICNIC LUNCHEES

TELEPHONE 366

SAN CARLOS AT FOURTH

A LETTER TO CARMELITES

MY dear Mr. —: The American Caravan, a yearbook of American literature, will make its first appearance in the early autumn of 1927. I am therefore writing in behalf of the board of editors to urge you to submit material.

The Caravan has been planned to channel pieces of the intermediary sizes for which neither the book-trade nor the magazines provide adequate outlets. novelettes from six and seven to twenty-five thousand words in length; essays and critical pieces of "quarterly" bulk; groups of criticism, of short stories and poems; plays, long poems and extracts from works in progress, will all be acceptable among other forms. Yet a mere failure in conforming to these projected limits will not mutilate your manuscript. It is principally as a vehicle for writings of the character neglected and inhibited by the publishing trade, that The American Caravan is putting in appearance. While the board has no prejudice against any literary vein hitherto worked by an American artist its appeal is primarily for experiment; for material which has lain dormant awaiting the more favorable moment, indeed for a product of creative adventure along all lines.

Contributions will not be due until the 1st of January 1927. The final makeup will not take place before the 1st of March, 1927. Yet advices from those planning contributions, sent at the first convenience, will greatly facilitate the editorial work. The members of the board will be happy to answer questions, to receive suggestions, and to have you publish the contents of this letter to everyone to whom the interest of the project recommend it. It is intended that this call for manuscripts carry to every American man of letters struggling to relate the word to life. But since the board has no means of reaching all such authors, and since it is probable that the names of many are entirely unknown to it, I must ask you to the best of your ability

THE WALDVOGEL STUDIO

IT was an old adobe community theater, long and low, built back in 1824 when Monterey was young. And then, like so many of its kind, it fell into disuse, and stood, with barred shutters and closed doors—just an old adobe warehouse on Polk street. Until, a few years ago, Miss Emma Waldvogel came along and noticed it, decided that here was a place which could be made into an ideal home for her decorative embroidery craft and proceeded to set about getting what she wanted, in spite of discouraging warning from those who said it could not be done. "I thought it was time the shutters were opened; they had been closed so long," said Miss Waldvogel simply.

The shutters are open now, and the light shines in on a spacious room where Miss Waldvogel has displayed the hangings, cushions, drapes and gowns whose colors and designs illustrate the unusual type of art which she calls "decorative embroidery". And decorative it most certainly is! There is a richness of color combination and a

to extend this invitation toward the desired limits.

The Macaulay Company, the publisher of The American Caravan, intends issuing the volume at a price around five dollars and promises to advance a fair amount of royalty on the delivery of the collection. Ten percent of all such moneys will be paid to the members of the board for their editorial work. The remaining ninety percent will be divided among the contributors in proportion to the number of pages covered by each of them. One page of verse is to be calculated as two and one half of prose. The situation at no time appears entirely unremunerative; and there is no reason why this novel form of publication should not shortly prove amply profitable, any more than it should not immediately vivify the producers and the audience of American writings.

Very sincerely yours,
Paul Rosenfeld

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams gave a tea at Kays on Wednesday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. David O'Neill. Among the guests were Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter and Laidlaw Williams.

sophistication of design which fascinates the eye and entrances the imagination. There is simplicity in the completed work, and yet when examined closely the intricacy of the pattern and the amount of embroidery required are astonishing. There is a richness in the very feel of it that recalls to the fingertips the solid charm of tapestry. And the beauty of this sort of embroidery is that it can be applied, with equal success, to all sorts of material. There were gowns of sheer crepe, of heavy silk, of velvet even—there were hangings of unbleached cotton and curtains of silk, cushions of rep and linen—in fact, the possibilities appeared to be without limit.

The furniture in the big room was designed especially for it, and the tall vivid blue cabinets, which open to show brilliant specimens of work as their linings, are interesting and unusual. There are startling color combinations which only an artist of knowledge and background and imagination could have put together with such successful results, so that each gown, each piece of embroidery, is an original creation, and, to use the hackneyed term, "a work of art". The vivid Tyrian purples, peacock blues, jade greens and brilliant shades of yellow and rose are indescribably lovely as used in Miss Waldvogel's studio. I remarked that these things looked "European", but Miss Waldvogel, who is Swiss and who studied in Vienna where the art of decoration has reached its highest point, one might say, preferred to describe them differently. "It is an expression of modern art", she said.

Miss Waldvogel is among those who are planning to establish shops and studios at La Loma on the Carmel highway.

—D. C.

Through an error in a recent issue of The Cymbal Miss Waldvogel's studio was referred to as The Curtain Shop and we are glad to

correct what has given many a wrong impression.

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SEVEN ARTS
BUILDING

Zanetta Carlett
Kennedy Owen

EVOLUTION

(Continued from Page Six)

was still further extended. We began to hear of inorganic evolution, cosmic, astral, geologic and atomic. Even the "delirious electrons" evolved into atoms, and matter itself was a product of a process of development of language, ideas, beliefs, the family, the church and the state, and to individual social and political institutions. In fact, in those days of first enthusiasms, it occurred to no one that there is any realm of reality at all excluded from the field of evolution. Nothing is fixed or final; nothing is created; everything "just grew." Therewith was born a new and indeed fruitful and wonderful method of study, namely, the genetic method, which increased amazingly our ungenetic origins.

Then still another step was taken. Evolution was identified with progress. A period of dizzy optimism followed. Every stage of evolution was "higher" and "better" than the preceding. Our path was "upward." Looking back we look "down." Just before the war human complacency knew no bounds. The industrial revolution had put us in possession of undreamed of power over nature. Time and space, water and air no longer imposed limits. Epidemic diseases could be overcome. Alcohol was to be abolished and crime thereby lessened. Votes for women were to purify our politics. Peace societies and arbitration treaties were to do away with war; and even when war was justified, it was in the same optimistic faith in progress through evolution, since the strong and cultured nations would through their warlike struggles demonstrate again the survival of the fittest. And, finally, it was thought that when human invention had been still further perfected and wealth still further heaped up, it would be necessary only to find some political device by which this wealth could be equally distributed—and behold a millenium.

Then came the crash. But the war was not the crash. For it was the war which was to end war and redeem the world for that ideal government called democracy. It was after the war that the trouble began. Neither states nor individuals behaved in that improved manner which we were led to expect. Rather there were national hatreds and suspicions and a sickening exhibition of individual avarice and greed. In America the bartender was banished, but the no less unsavory smuggler and bootlegger took his place. Crime was increased rather than lessened. A certain cultural refinement in manners and morals, gained through the ages with indefinite labor were suddenly lost. Women were coarsened, aping the men in their smoking and painting their faces after the manner of our savage ancestors. Indecency appeared on the stage and vulgarity on the pages of our popular fiction; and even the purity of the family, one of the foundations of a healthy social order, was violated by the increasing moral laxity and the ease and frequency of divorce. Almost overnight, it seemed to the present writer, whose own memory of these cultural struggles extends back over fifty years, the bright faith

in the future encouraged by the theory of evolution turned to fear and distrust. Books and articles suddenly appeared questioning the identity of evolution and progress, and questioning both progress and evolution. We heard all at once of the approach of a second dark age, of civilization at the crossroads and of the threatened collapse of our whole modern culture.

We can begin to understand, therefore, why it is that serious thinking people have turned a searching inquiry upon the whole theory of evolution itself. We can even understand why it is that a movement called "Fundamentalism" swept the country invading our churches and our schools and even our legislatures, a movement in which the whole theory of evolution was questioned.

At first this fundamentalist movement seemed very incongruous. In a time like this it would appear that the fundamental things are honesty, temperance, purity and obedience to the laws of the state, rather than certain beliefs regarding the genealogy of man. To make a point of controversy of the latter seems like going rather far afield for trouble. Consequently, the suggestion has been made that fundamentalism was not due to any kind of religious intolerance but to a sort of dismay which serious and earnest religious workers felt in the presence of the threatened collapse of morals among our people, young and old. Something must be done. Let us fly back to both the faith and the moral virtues of our fathers.

Probably there is truth in this explanation of the fundamentalist movement. But perhaps the explanation is in part, even simpler than this. Possibly it was to some extent a reaction against the superficial evolutionary optimism of the earlier years, together with a protest against a too careless and general application of Darwinism to every field of human thought and enterprise.

In part, also, it was a form of protest against certain materialistic and mechanistic

interpretations of the doctrine, not shared by its original teachers and not necessarily involved in evolution at all, but rather proclaimed by later disciples.

But at this stage of the agitation, something else happened, adding weight to the fundamentalist's position. There appeared on the part of evolutionists themselves a certain doubt and hesitation affecting some aspects of the theory, while certain utterances of distinguished biologists were interpreted as reflecting upon the theory. Really this doubt and hesitation did not involve the fact of evolution, the evidences for which had steadily increased, but they did apply to its causes and method, and particularly to the validity of that particular theory which goes by the name of "Darwinism." Thus it is easy to understand the new leverage which this gave to the party of opposition. It was possible to question the whole doctrine and to fall back on the older theory of special creation, which was thought to have the support of religion and the Bible.

VOTE FOR
J. E. STEINBECK
(Incumbent)
Candidate for
TREASURER

of Monterey County
[Subject to Primary Election August 31, 1926]

JOE PIETROBONO

CANDIDATE FOR

**JUSTICE OF
THE PEACE**

MONTEREY TOWNSHIP
COUNTY OF MONTEREY

SUBJECT TO PRIMARY ELECTION AUGUST 31, 1926

M. J. MURPHY

**CONTRACTING
AND
BUILDING**

BUILDING MATERIALS

OFFICE TELEPHONE 153

YARD TELEPHONE 88 W

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, JULY 20, 1926

Notes and Comment

IN a recent issue of the Public Print, and in the column which he regularly contributes thereto, Edward Gerhard Kuster, manager-director-producer of plays, good, bad and indifferent, in our midst, gives his views on what he rather peculiarly terms "journalistic criticism" of non-professional actors, and, by inference, is rather rough on some of us who have had the temerity to print what we think about his "non-professional" players and, unfortunately, some of his "non-professional" plays.

Forgiving him for bringing into the discussion the name of George Jean Nathan who is not given to criticism of non-professional players, we rise to declare that just as Mr. Kuster is at perfect liberty, with his God-given ability to write English, to say what he jolly well pleases about "journalistic criticisms", "journalistic criticisms" have the right, provided they are English and intelligible, to say what they jolly well please about his plays and his players. We contend that Kuster, actor, manager, producer, knows no more about journalistic criticisms than we do about acting, managing and producing, and at best all he can do is to give his views about it. We grant him that right, just as we retain for ourselves the same privilege.

The Republican party selects the candidates for whom you can vote by flipping a coin. It is both a novel and, we suppose, most desirable and wise system for the selection of our state representatives. Some of them appear to have been chosen by a sort of blind man's buff system—and the sense of smell wasn't so good either.

As the San Francisco newspapers persist in having it "the little artists' colony of Carmel is again torn with dissension". This time, we understand from the bright country correspondent of the Chronicle, there is an agitation here over the to-be-or-not-to-be status of Alfred Parker Fraser, "judge", as the Chronicle so irreverently quotes it, of our local court before which appear the violators of laws which deal with misdemeanors.

Along with Fraser, the traffic cop imported from Bakersfield seems to be involved in the discussion. Coming from us, the "seems to be" is weak indeed. Besides us (much besides us, we humbly declare), Hobart P. Glassell, familiarly known as "Steve", has fallen into the clutches of the law. He was fined twenty dollars, with the rigorously-declared alternative of five days in jail, by Judge Fraser after he had been arrested for driving his automobile thirty miles an hour on Lincoln street near Tenth avenue, and after the Bakersfield traffic cop had soothingly told him that he would probably be let off with no fine at all, according to Steve.

Wroth at this, and properly so, we believe, Glassell sought counsel of John C. Orcutt, former deputy in the office of Dis-

trict Attorney Brady in San Francisco and now sojourning in our city. Orcutt consulted the law books of our state and discovered that there were a million little points on which Judge Fraser seemed to be erring. He so advised the Judge and one or two of the city trustees who had appointed the Judge with the result that Monday evening Judge Fraser requested the board to revoke the provision in his appointment which added to his salary of ten dollars a month a twenty-five percent, (or is it twenty?) cut of the fines he imposed. (It was discovered to be a felony—this little provision—but the knowledge of Argyll Campbell, our city attorney, isn't supposed to embrace the laws of the state.) Someone in the lobby at the trustees' meeting Monday night suggested that Judge Fraser had probably taken this action because what with appeals from his decisions and demands for jury trials there weren't going to be any more fines collected, but the judge himself set forth in his communication that he had never taken advantage of this provision in his appointment resolution anyway.

Whereupon Trustee Wood, who appears to be the only trustee necessary to carry on the affairs of the government, said: "I move his straight salary be fixed at twenty dollars a month." There was a pause. "No, I make it twenty-five dollars". And Judge Fraser acquired sixty dollars in a year by that second thought of the city government—that is, if he stays in the job for a year. John C. Orcutt seems to believe that the supreme court, or appellate court, or whatever court it is, will decide that he is not to stay a year, however.

We (editorial "we") were (or was) handed a twenty-dollar fine for backing up about sixty feet on Dolores street and we didn't think we could afford it. We appealed from the decision of Judge Fraser.

Fred McIndoe, a driver for Anderson's grocery store, was "hooked" the other day and he didn't like the expression on the Judge's face, so he demanded a jury trial which he is to receive next Friday.

But Judge Fraser now gets twenty-five a month for holding court in this "artist colony" and Gus Englund gets \$150 a month for doing everything else there is to do on this side of Carmel hill.

Trustee Wood met at the city hall Monday evening. Several very important matters came up before him. They had to come up—he brought them up by the scruff of the neck in his very dignified and serious manner. He met and admirably disposed of such weighty problems as the loss of seven inches off somebody's property on San Carlos street (no one seems to have a clew as to its whereabouts), the proper regulations to be imposed on the owner of a building in which there is to be used a quart bottle of gasoline, the removal of two trees on Dolores street whereby seven and four-sixteenths square inches of additional parking space will be obtained for the thundering herds of summer

visitors, the discovery that someone is putting a window in their garage without the formality of a building permit (The marshal got the devil for not knowing about this and informing Trustee Wood), the probable acquisition of a load or two of gravel on Mission street. There were two other men there—John B. Jordan, who signed his name on important papers after Trustee Wood had decided on them, and Trustee Larouette who said of his colleagues: "We're just a bunch of dumbbells."

SOCIETY

MRS. Henry Sanford gave a tea on Thursday at Peter Pan Lodge, Carmel Highlands, in honor of Mrs. Arthur Walcott, Mrs. Frederick Yenni, and Miss Ada Howe Kent. Among the guests were Mrs. Margaret Kilpatrick, Mrs. Elizabeth Bigelow, Mrs. Theodore Criley, Mrs. A. T. Skerry, Jr., Mrs. Fletcher Dutton, Mrs. W. Kinsell, Mrs. John O'Shea and Mrs. D. T. MacDougal.

Seen at Kays after the performance of "Clarence" at the Arts and Crafts Theater—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Criley, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson, Mrs. Milda Argo, Mrs. Louise Walcott, Miss Alberta Langley, Miss Calhoun, Miss Gladys Vander Roest, Mr. George Ball and Mr. Eric Wilkinson.

A dance for the Blue Candidates of the Citizens' Military Training Camp will be given at the Officers Club of the Monterey Presidio on Saturday, July 24. Mrs. Paul Boise will be hostess. Patrons and patronesses include Colonel and Mrs. E. V. Smith, Colonel and Mrs. Cromer, Colonel and Mrs. O'Laughlin, Colonel and Mrs. Bowles, Mrs. Lawrence Farrell, Mrs. Snyder Kinnesley, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Peter Taylor, Mrs. Joseph Hooper, Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan, Mrs. J.P. Pryor, Mrs. A. P. Reed and Miss Edith Maguire.

Mrs. Henry Sanford gave a luncheon on Saturday for Mrs. Arthur Walcott, Mrs. Frederick Yenni and Miss Ada Howe Kent, at the Peninsula Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson entertained informally at bridge Tuesday evening. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper Orcutt, and Mrs. C. Halsted Yates.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kuster entertained informally Sunday evening at their home on The Point. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. John Orcutt, Mrs. Walter Coburn, Mrs. Ralph Todd and Bill Williams.